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DANGEROUS VICE ^{President} ~~-----~~.

A FRAGMENT.

Addressed to all whom it may concern.

BY A GENTLEMAN, FORMERLY OF BOSTON.

*W. Church
Georgia*

" O Sons of Earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
" By Mountains pil'd on Mountains to the Skies ?
" Heav'n still with Laughter the vain Toil surveys,
" And buries Madmen in the Heaps they raise." —

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.



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THE
DANGEROUS VICE *President*.

A FRAGMENT.



ODS ! how they'd stare ! shou'd fickle
Fortune drop
Those mushroom Lordlings where she
pick'd them up,
In Tinker's, Cobler's, or B^{oo}*k B^{inside}*r's shop.

**War Department*

YE LUCKY FAV'rites ! dandled—G-d knows why !
In the soft lap of pamper'd luxury ;
Who reap the harvest of the lab'rer's toil,
And thankless batten on unlawful spoil ;
Who drain your country of her stinted store,
And wasting thousands—*yawn for thousands more ;*

B

Who

Who cannot brook her humble state to share,
 Or your proud wishes with her wants to square ;
 Whose *extra services*, and *extra grants*,
 Serve to perpetuate your country's wants ;
 Think not—the *favour'd only* have deserv'd,
 But know—*far more deserving men have starv'd* ;
 Requests more just are daily urg'd in vain,
 Blush—and your greedy appetites restrain :

BEHOLD THE MERCHANT ! once with plenty blest'd,
 Whom fortune favour'd, and whom friends carest'd ;
 Who with rich dainties his lov'd offspring fed,
 And quaff'd enjoyments from the fountain head ;
 Whose stores were full, whose flaggons running o'er,
 And ev'ry smiling year was adding more ;
 Yet nobly ALL for liberty resign'd,
 For EQUAL liberty with all mankind.
 BEHOLD HIM NOW ! from his possessions hurl'd,
 Stripp'd by a faithless, and ungrateful world ;
 Reluctant forc'd from clime to clime to roam,
 To earn a pittance for his starving home ;
 Or—

Or—if at home—to want and mis'ry driv'n,
 LOOKS ROUND—and WONDERS at the ways of Heav'n.
 By foes, by Country ROBB'D—by TREATY SOLD—
 A poor, dependent slave when he is old ;
 Of credit, prospects, friends, and hope bereft,
 And nought but family, and FEELINGS left ;
 Beggar'd, forgotten, and despondent grown,
 He lives a STRANGER, and he dies unknown.

SEE THE POOR SOLDIER ! maim'd, and seam'd with
 scars,

His hard-earn'd wages in his country's wars,
 His crazy carcase tott'ring to a fall,
 Propt by a crutch, or by some friendly wall,
 Or hobbling on to some sequester'd spot,
Muses in vain on man's unequal lot ;
 Arriv'd—he rests him on the humble ground,
 To soothe the anguish of a smarting wound :
 When lo ! a witness of his toils appears,
 Who on his breast the pendent EAGLE* bears ;

The

* The Badge of the order of the CINCINNATI.

The houseless vet'ran lifts his misty eyes,
 Descries the *badge*—then mutters to the skies—
 Scars are the *badges* which poor soldiers wear,
 Who for their thankless country bravely dare.

BE grateful then, YE CHOSEN ! mod'rate, wise,
 Nor stretch your claims to such prepost'rous size,
 Lest your too partial country—wiser grown—
 Shou'd on your native dunghills set you down.

APE not the fashions of the foreign Great,
 Nor make your betters at your *levees* wait,
 Resign your awkward pomp, parade and pride,
 And lay that useless *etiquette* aside ;
 Th' unthinking laugh, but all the thinking hate
 Such vile, abortive mimicry of state ;
 Those idle lackeys, faunt'ring at your door,
 But ill become *poor servants* of the POOR ;
 Retrench your board, for e'en the guests who dine,
 Have cause to murmur at your floods of wine ;
 Think not to bribe the wise with their own gold,
 Though fools by flimsy lures shou'd be cajol'd ;

Places

Places on Places multiply to view,
 Creation on Creation, ever new ;
 Therefore in decent competence to live,
 Is all that you can ask, or Justice give :
 An humbler roof—cou'd MADAM condescend—
 But Heav'n forbid I shou'd the sex offend !
 The Chariot too—pray who can live without
 And keep distinguish'd from the rabble rout ?
 All genteel people deem it a reproach
 To go to Plays, Balls, Routs, in hackney coach ;
 And as to walking—'tis so vulgar now—
 LADIES have left it off, and scarce know how ;
 Women, I grant, are frequent in the street,
 But REAL Ladies, Sir, you'll rarely meet.

BUT WHO ART THOU, who durst advice intrude,
 So very prudent, and so very rude ?
 Take back thy niggard council, nor presume
 O'er our bright sunshine to diffuse thy gloom ;
 H^{ea}*^{apartmen}*^{ts} shou'd be amply paid,
 PLACES for this sole purpose *have been made,*

C

All

All are not like old CINCINNATUS now,
To take up their *old trades*, or dirty plough:

JOHN!—bid the coachman drive up to the door,
Let's hand the Ladies in—and say no more.
These are the blessings of our halcyon days,
Let ev'ry HAPPY FAV'RITE toast their praise.
Be grateful, then—be prudent, modest, wise,
Nor with your tow'ring Crests assail the skies;
Lest the offended Deity shou'd frown,
And on your native dunghills set you down.

YE WOU'D BE TITLED! whom, in evil hour—
The rash, unthinking people cloth'd with pow'r,
Who, drunk with pride, of foreign bawbles dream,
And rave of a COLUMBIAN DIADEM—
Be prudent, modest, mod'rate, grateful, wise,
Nor on your country's ruin strive to rise,
Lest great COLUMBIA'S AWFUL GOD shou'd frown,
And to your native dunghills hurl you down.

YE faithful Guardians of your Country's weal,
Whose honest breasts still glow with patriot zeal!

The

The lawless lust of Pow'r in embryo quell,
 The Germe of mischief, and first Spawn of Hell ;
 Resist the VICE——and that contagious pride
 To that o'erweening VICE——so near ally'd.
 Within your sacred walls let Virtue reign,
 And greedy MAMMON spread his snares in vain.
 With unlick'd lordlings fully not your fame,
 Nor daub our PATRIOT with a LACKER'D name.
 O WASHINGTON ! thy country's hope and trust !
 Alas ! perhaps her last, as Thou wert first ;
Successors we can find—but tell us where
 Of ALL thy Virtues we shall find THE HEIR ?

BUT if—which Heav'n avert !—we must have Kings,
 With all the curses the Tiara brings,
 Let us not frame the idol we adore,
 But own the monster of some distant shore,
 Bow to some foreign God, already grown,
 Nor make a mongrel Tyrant of our own,
 To mimick monarchs, on his mimick throne :
 Whom to equip with ev'ry gewgaw thing,
 Due to the proud regalia of a King,

Wcu' .

Wou'd beggar all his Slaves of all their store,
 And still th' insatiate Ape wou'd gape for more ;
 His *lawful* lust, and ev'ry *foul* embrace
 Wou'd gender tribute to his motley race ;
 His POWER confirm his new-born RIGHT DIVINE
 T' entail succession on his spurious LINE ;
 THESE next contend, and to decide the right,
 Appeal to wonted *ratio Regum* MIGHT ;
 Each to his side a num'rous party draws,
 Each prays to Heav'n to aid his righteous cause,
 The hard necessity *with grief* deplores,
 That stains with Brothers' blood their native shores ;
 Deeply commis'rates that misguided zeal
 That strives to desolate the common weal ;
 The simple herd are then to slaughter led,
 The greedy Rivals gorge upon the dead,
 Till War's wide havock deluges the plains,
 And ONE proud Tyrant o'er the remnant reigns.

LORD—what a fuss is here about a King !
 Limit the pow'r, 'tis no such dreadful thing.

But

But sure you wou'd not make a King for sport ?
 A King's a royal jest, without a Court.
 Yet make a King, in earnest or in jest,
 He—with his creatures—will effect the rest.
 In a Court Calender observe the roll,
 A dreadful part, of a tremendous whole ;
 When this dread phalanx meets your wond'ring view,
 Think—all those creatures have their creatures too ;
 Know then—these trappings—join'd to regal state,
 Will soon allure the pow'r, or will create.
 The Sire elected—YOUR SHORT RACE IS RUN,
 He will appoint the next—a NERO—or his Son.
 SPEAK boldly then—ye wise !—and ACT in season,
 What but to THINK, tomorrow may be treason.
 From small beginnings mighty mischief springs,
 And soon the Eaglet soars on Eagle's wings.
 Stifle the Tyrant in his infant birth,
 Or soon he'll stalk a Giant on the earth,
 Tread on your necks, break all your barriers down,
 Smile into life—or murder with a frown ;

D

Disdain

Disdain the BALANCE, *late the fav'rite theme,*
 And with his pond'rous FIAT kick the beam.
 Dream not that homespun Tyrants are the best,
 Homemade or foreign, ev'ry King's a pest,
 Sent in God's wrath—O scatter not the seed,
 Nor damn COLUMBIA with a royal breed.

GREAT WASHINGTON! Columbia's prop and pride,
 Her Friend, her Father, guardian God and Guide;
 If Kings like thee cou'd love, like thee cou'd feel,
 And know no wish but for their country's weal,
 Or 'mongst the human race, if we cou'd find,
 Like thee to govern, and to bless mankind;
 Then might AMERICANS unblushing own
 Such worth wou'd *almost* sanctify a Throne—

BUT shou'd we see a Stickler for a crown,
 Tainted with foreign vices, and his own,
 Already plotting dark, insidious schemes,
 Already dubb'd a King, in royal dreams;

Already

Already dubbing with his magick wand
 A Swarm of NOBLE Locusts in the land ;
 Already forming different degrees,
 These to be Drones, and those Industrious Bees ;
 The bear idea mars our present joys,
 Dread of the future, ev'ry hope destroys—
 Curst Slav'ry's clanking chains already found,
 And gall reflection with a rankling wound.

YE CHOSEN PEOPLE of the KING of Kings !
 From whose behest your present being springs ;
 Who stamp't this TITLE on your *fed'ral* birth,
 SUBJECTS in Heav'n—but CITIZENS on Earth ;
 Who gave you to possess those happy plains
 Where peace and plenty dwell, and FREEDOM reigns ;
 Freedom ! the glorious Prize—shou'd ye resign,
 Vengeance awaits you from the POW'R divine ;
 Freedom ! which Heroes earn'd with their best blood,
 And Patriots bought with ev'ry other good ;
 Freedom ! which rous'd the ROMAN's honest zeal
 Against his friend to lift the fatal steel,

Freedom !

Freedom ! which those firm Patriots deify'd
Who in ROME's Senate stab'd the Parricide.
Freedom ! for FAIR COLUMBIA bravely won
By the long toils of virtuous WASHINGTON,
Ne'er basely barter for a PALTRY CROWN,
"BUT PIOUSLY TRANSMIT THE BLESSING DOWN."



